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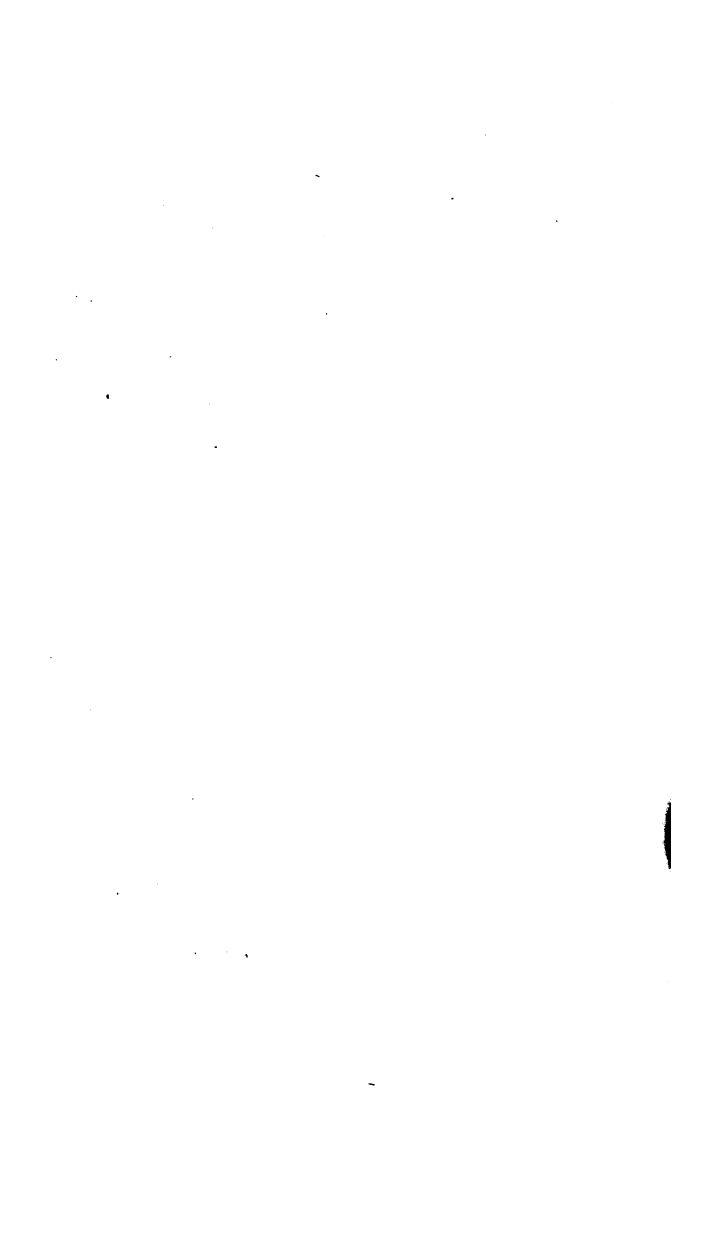
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Comic

NDF







"RESERREZ VOS NOEUDS"

(TIGHTEN YOUR KNOTS.)

THE
COMIC ANNUAL.

BY
THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



CURLING FLUID.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

G. D.



NEW YORK

1854

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, BOUVERIE STREET.

1854

TO
SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BART.,
THE GREAT PATRON OF LETTERS,

Foreign, General, and Twopenny ;

Distinguished alike by his fostering care of the

BELL LETTERS,

And his Antiquarian regard for the

DEAD LETTERS ;—

Whose increasing efforts to forward the spread of intelligence,
as a CORRESPONDING MEMBER of All Societies,
(and no man fills his Post better)

HAVE

Singly, Doubly, and Trebly, endeared him to every class—

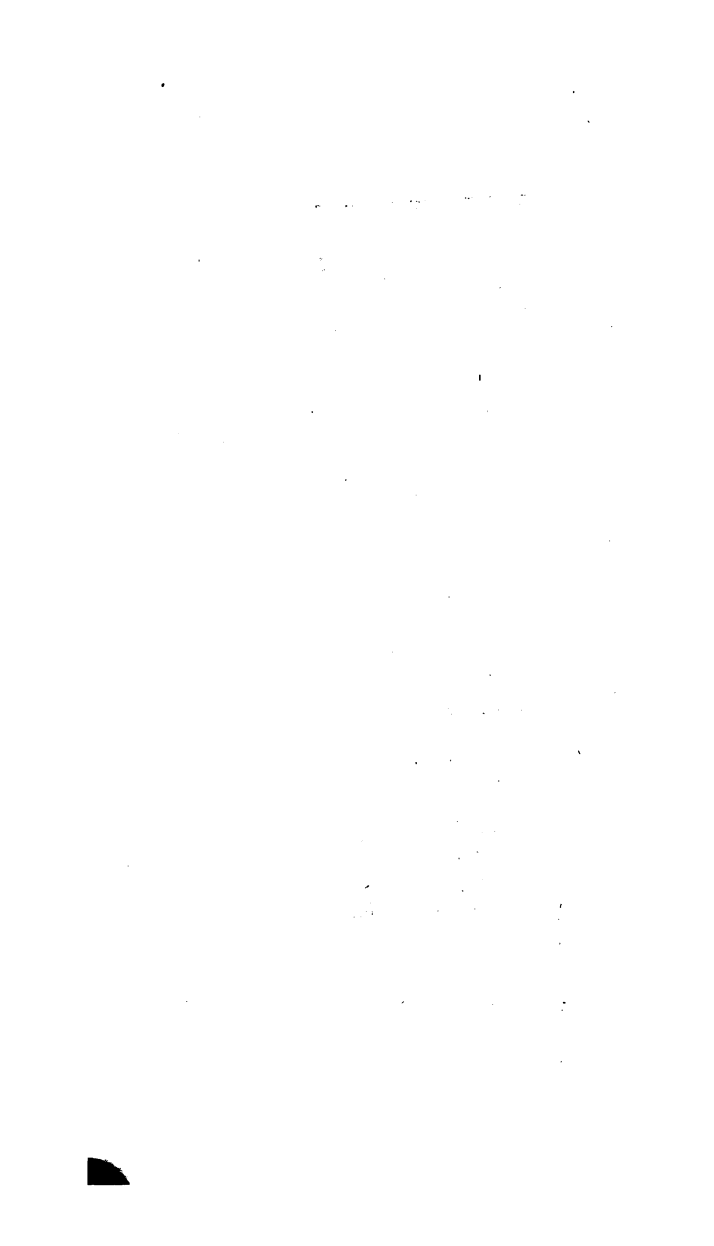
THIS FIRST VOLUME OF

The Comic Annual,

IS, WITH FRANK PERMISSION, GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THOMAS HOOD.



PREFACE.

IN the Christmas Holidays—or rather Holly Days, according to one of the emblems of the season—we naturally look for mirth. Christmas is strictly a Comic Annual, and its specific gaiety is even implied in the specific gravity of its oxen. There is an English proverb of “Laugh and grow Fat,”—a saying which our graziers interpret—on the authority of some Prize Oxonian—by growing the fattest of fat for the merriest of months. The Proverb however has another sense, implying a connexion

between cachinnation and corpulence in the human body—and truly, having seen gentlemen of twenty stone in their seats, I am ready to allow that a fat man is always a *cheerful*.

Taking the adage in the latter sense, it is my humble hope and aim to contribute towards the laughter and lustiness of my fellow-creatures, by the production of *THE COMIC ANNUAL*,—a work not equivocating between Mirth and Melancholy, but exclusively devoted to the Humorous—in plain French, not an “*Ambigu*,” but an “*Opera Comique*.” Christmas, indeed, seems a Tide more adapted for rowing in the Gig or the Jolly, than tugging in the Barge or the Galley, and accordingly I have built my craft. The kind friends who may patronise the present launch, are assured that it will be

acknowledged by renewed exertion, and that I seriously intend to come before them next year, with

“ A braver Bark, and an increasing sail.”

The materials which were in preparation for a Third Series of “ Whims and Oddities,” have been thrown into the present volume—that work may, therefore, be still considered as going on, though its particular name is not exhibited—but it is a partner in the Comic Firm. Each future Series will in the same manner be associated with the whims and oddities of other authors;—and it will be my endeavour to feed every succeeding volume with the choicest morsels that can be procured. In short, the work will be pamper’d

—like Captain Head. In the meantime many little defects, incidental to a first attempt, will be observed and pointed out by the judicious critics;—to whom, consciously and respectfully, I bow, like Norval,—“with bended bow and quiver full of errors;” merely hoping, timidly, that as second thoughts are allowed to be best,—they will deal mildly with my first ones.

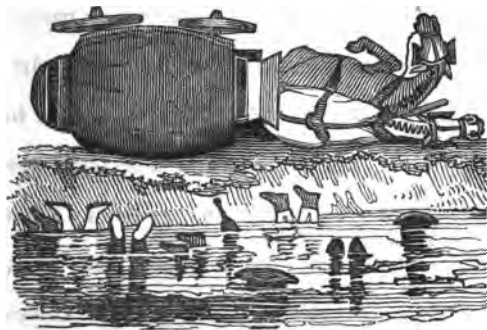
In my illustrations, as usual, preferring Wood to Copper or Steel, I have taken to *Box* as the medium for making hits. For some of the Designs, I am indebted to private Friends, and in particular to one highly talented young Lady, who has liberally allowed me to draw upon her drawings, and with an unusual zeal for my woodcuts, has, I may say, devoted her head to the

block. It is difficult to return thanks for such deeds, but I feel deeply indebted to the kindness by which her pencil was led. I am under a similar obligation to several Pens,—justly deserving the title of “*Good Office Pens*”—from the friendly nature of their service.

Of The President of the Royal Academy, his Fellows and Associates, I humbly beg pardon for any offences against the rules of their Art. My pretensions are modest—I only profess to black lead a little, and not to black lead the Great—I presume merely to handle a small slip of pencil, and not to wield, like them, the Cedars of Lebanon. The Literary Critics are requested to look upon the letter-press in the same spirit, and to remember, before killing “The Comic,” that it is as the late Giraffe, “the

only one of its kind in England." The woi
indeed, at present, is like the celebrat
Elephant that had no rival but himself.

however, others of the kind should spring
all the Editor wishes for is an open field a
fair play.



A CLEAR STAGE, AND NO FAVOUR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NUMBER ONE. Versified from the Prose of a Young Lady	1
Charles the Second's Anthem. By Miss Isabel Hill	6
Those Evening Bells. By R. B.	13
Sonnet to a Cat. By the late John Keats	14
Sea Song. After Dibdin	15
Drawn for a Soldier	17
A Letter from a Market Gardener, to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society	23
The Pillory. By E. Herbert, Esq.	27
Honor O'Driscoll. By Horatio Smith, Esq.	33
Sonnet to Vauxhall. By Edward Herbert, Esq.	38
The Drowning Ducks	39
A True Story	44
Saint Mark's Eve. A Tale of the Olden Time	49
Sonnet on Steam. By an Under Ostler	62

A Greenwich Pensioner
A Storm at Hastings, and The Little Unknown
Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India
The Furlough. An Irish Anecdote
To Fanny. By E. Herbert, Esq.
A Letter from an Emigrant
The Carelesse Nurse Mayde
The Angler's Farewell
The Kangaroos, A Fable
The Burning of the Love Letter
Conveyancing
A Good Direction
The Pleasures of Sporting
Ode to the Advocates for the Removal of Smithfield Market
Sonnet
The Sub-Marine
Look before you Leap. By Miss Isabel Hill
Literary and Literal
The Sorrows of an Undertaker
Ode to Madam Hengler, Firework-Maker to Vauxhall
A Report from Below
A Spent Ball
Ode to St. Swithin

LIST OF PLATES.

	Designed by	Engraved by
Frontispiece	(Steel). Miss A. K.	Moses.
Number One	T. H.	Cut by Branston & Wright.
Those Evening Bells		Willis.
Fancy Portrait: Galileo		Willis.
Horse and Foot		Slader.
Toe-ho!	F. Branston	Bonner.
What must be must		Willis.
A Constable's Miscellany		Evans.
A Split Vote and a Plumper		Branston & Wright.
Rocket-Time at Vauxhall		Willis.
A Poacher		Bonner.
Captain Rock		Bonner.
Guy of Warwick	G. Cruickshank.	Slader.

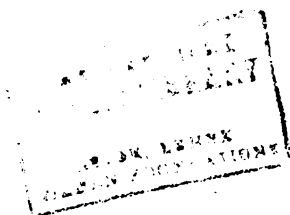
	Designed by	Cut by
Boxer and Pincher		<i>Evans.</i>
Let By-gones be By-gones		<i>Bonner.</i>
A Dutch Steamer		<i>Slader.</i>
A Greenwich Pensioner	<i>G. Cruickshank.</i>	{ <i>Branston</i> <i>& Wright.</i>
An Abridgment of all that is pleasant in Man	<i>Miss A. K.</i>	<i>Bonner.</i>
A Tide Waiter		<i>Bonner.</i>
See from Ocean rising		<i>Bonner.</i>
Ketching its Prey		<i>Willis.</i>
Polyphemus with his Eye out		<i>Bonner.</i>
Fanny		<i>Willis.</i>
A Stiff Visit		<i>Willis.</i>
Emigration—Meeting a Settler		<i>Bonner.</i>
“ As Nursemaid, accustomed to the care of Children ”	}	<i>Slader.</i>
Gentle and Simple		<i>Willis.</i>
Stick to thy Business	<i>Miss A. K.</i>	<i>Slader.</i>
Enjoying the “ Tails of my Landlord ”		<i>Bonner.</i>
A Bumper at Parting		<i>Bonner.</i>
Four Inside	<i>G. Cruickshank.</i>	{ <i>Branston</i> <i>& Wright.</i>
A Sweepstakes		<i>Willis.</i>
A Party of Pleasure		<i>Willis.</i>
Pointer and Disappointer		<i>Willis.</i>
Iö. after Vaccination		<i>Bonner.</i>
I See Cattle !		<i>Willis.</i>
The Removal of Smithfield Market		<i>Willis.</i>

	Designed by	Cut by
Case		Slader.
Theatricals		Bonner.
ng to Join in a Catch	J. H. Reynolds.	Smith.
asant sure to see one's self } nt.	Miss A. K.	Bonner.
g up; no Holiday		Willis.
and		Bonner.
e Hengler		Willis.
ifics and Sud-orifics		Bonner.
a Copper		Bonner.
t Ball		Bonner.
nd Humility		Evans.
t Day		Bonner.
niversary of Literary Fun		Bonner.

HEAD AND TAIL PIECES.

Stage and no Favour	Bonner.
le Knock	Slader.
adapted to the Violin	Evans.
e Jack	Bonner.
trumque Canoe	Slader.
Sauce to a Lobster	Willis.
-cold	Evans.
l, Lodged, and Done for	Willis.
sed Victuallers	T. Bagg.
lks in Beauty	Willis.
d For-Bear	Willis.

	Designed by	
On the Card Rack		V
A Sow-Wester off the Cape		V
A Round Robin		V
Unlawful Courses	<i>F. Branston.</i>	<i>F. 1</i>
Hook and Eye		V
Sheer Pretension		1
Moppet		<i>E</i>
An Anchorite		V
A Leading Article		1
The Cows' Regatta		V
A Steeple Chase		V
Tossing up		1
A Discharge from the Bench		V
Fly not yet		1
Mammoth and Behemoth		V
O ! Nothing in Life can Sadden us	<i>J. H. Reynolds.</i>	1
Overtaker and Undertaker		V
An Ingrate		<i>E</i>
Vignette	<i>Thurston.</i>	<i>S</i>
Curling Fluid		V
Storks and Leaves		





SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard!—and so it is,
To live in such a row,—
And witness this, that every Miss
But me, has got a Beau.—
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun ;
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
To call at Number One !

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four !—
At Number Three, I often see
A Lover at the door ;—
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It's very hard they come so near
And not to Number One !

Miss Bell I hear has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,—
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind ;—
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One !

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy ;—

And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son, ,
But la ! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One !

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And tho' he's pious will not love
His neighbour as himself.—
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run !
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days :—
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One !

Once only when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came timely in
And told me not to swoon :—
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun ?—
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One !

I am not old ! I am not plain !
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight :—
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance
I think at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.

The Imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun!—
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One.

It's very hard and so it is
To live in such a row!
And here's a ballad singer come
To aggravate my woe;—
O take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun—
There is “nae luck about the house,”
I know at Number One!



A DOUBLE KNOCK.

CHARLES THE SECOND'S ANTHEM.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

WHEN over the water was Charlie,
 Some true hearts they stood by him then,
 And with him too late, and too early,
 There revell'd the *Laird of Cockpen*.
 No music that minstrel could utter
 The Royal Blue devils so scared,
 As an old ballad called "Brose and Butter,"
 Played and sung by this comical Laird.

"If ever I'm righted," quoth Charlie,
 As shaking with laughter, "Oh then,
 Od's fish ! but I'll recompense rarely
 My brave honest Laird of Cockpen ;
 For so merry as we two have been, lad,
 I never can be on my throne ;
 And such days as we two have seen, lad,
 Are worth all a Monarch can own !"

At last, from this odd situation
Fate called him to England away,
And gave him his grand Restoration
On the twenty-ninth morning of May.
He now had a bed and a dinner,
A crown, and a garment so fine,
And bethought him he'd been a *sad* sinner
To *laugh* as he laughed lang syne.

Less honest the wit, tho' more courtly,
Which Rochester's presence supplied :
And Charles became spell-bound, too shortly,
To lays 'twas his duty to chide ;
If e'er on such moments, a letter,
Petition or prayer might intrude,
He was told " He might waste his time better
Than on *beggars so vulgar and rude.*"

Time fled, while on this side the water
He was flattered by women and men,
Forgetting—his old " Brose and Butter,"
Forgetting—the Laird of Cockpen !

Yet, drawn in his coach, by six horses,
He went to the great house of Prayer,
And loudly responded the verses
As he—leered on the pretty girls there.

But though all the famed sacred musicians
Had furnished his Anthems, yet those
He found not such potent magicians
As—he of the Butter and Brose.
Royal virtues the Minister vaunted,
And the King *strove* to answer “Amen,”
But, he felt as if something was wanted—
And thought of—the Laird of Cockpen.

Meantime, just 'ere service was ended,
A man, looking hungry and poor,
To the organist there had ascended,
And fell at his feet, on the floor.
“Let me not for your money alarm you,”
He said, as he *tried* to look grave ;
“I ask not for aught that can harm you,
Tho' me, if you grant it, 'twill save.

“Go home, thou blest fav’rite of Royalty,
For I have more right to this perch,
And let me, for once, prove my Loyalty
By playing my King out of Church!”

The Organist’s bosom was stony,
At prayers, tears, or tatters he’d scoff—
But—that form was tall, active, and bony,
So, he made him a bow—and was off!

Their orisons over, when rising
To exit to music, the ear
Of Sovereign, and statesmen surprizing,
A rampant finale they hear.
’Twas half shame’s, and half indignation’s,
The King’s blush, ’mid that hireling crowd,
As his feet e’en beat time with impatience,
To the notes that grew more and more loud.

“Indeed ’twas not I, who dared cause Sire,”
Cried the Organist, entering, “this strife.”
“Who the fiend,” said the King, “thought it was, Sir?
Thou could’st ne’er play like that for thy life!”

Some thought upon *cuts in a gutter* ,
And *others* on *geese in a fen*,
But Charlie roared, "that's Brose and Butter !
This must be the Laird of Cockpen !

" Go drag the intruder before us
Who mars our devotional hour,
And 'ere half a second goes o'er us
The fellow shall quail 'neath our power !"
The courtiers obeyed him, delighted,
And seized on the caitiff, with speed,
Yet nothing did *he* look affrighted,
Nay, laughed as he vaunted the deed.

" I thought," quoth the Laird, " of complaining,
But Charles will more relish a jest,
And, one glimpse of his face, without feigning,
Hath melted all wrath from my breast ;
For *that* tune he would give every letter
Of these, that ye pile on his shelf ;—
If he thinks it could e'er be played better,
Bid him *come up, and try it himself !*"

“Sacrilegious, irreverent raver!”

Cried all, as they hurried him down,

“Can thy life half atone such behaviour,

In presence of mitre and crown?”

“Thy knee,” said the King, as he entered,

And smiled, as he drew out his sword—

“We *knight* thee, for what thou *hast* ventured,

Encore, and we make thee a Lord!

“But, ’Sfish man! thou still hast to answer

For tempting thy monarch to sin;

To that tune I was nigh turning dancer,

I wont swear that I did not *begin*;

To think, from a fellow so shabby

What miracle nearly arose,

A King, dancing out of the Abbey,

To such music as ‘Butter and Brose!’

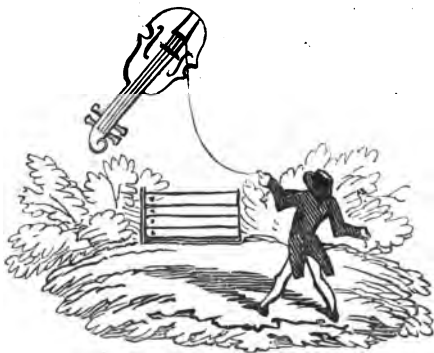
“That coat hath out-lived its brother,

Which *thy* cloak oft saved from the shower;

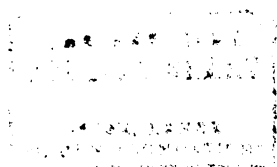
We used to dress *liker* each other—

To-morrow we’ll do so once more!”

As he raised him both bosoms did flutter,
And—Charlie *could say no more then,*
But—he supped off his dear “Brose and Butter,”
Cheek by jowl with the Laird of Cockpen !



THE AIR ADAPTED TO THE VIOLIN.





"THOSE EVENING BELLS."

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
And letters only just in time !—

The Muffin-boy has past away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

R. B.

SONNET TO A CAT.

BY THE LATE JOHN KEATS

CAT ! who has pass'd thy grand climateric,
How many mice and rats hast in thy days
Destroy'd ?—How many tit-bits stolen ? Gaze
With those bright languid segments green, and prick
Those velvet ears—but pr'ythee do not stick
Thy latent talons in me—and upraise
Thy gentle mew—and tell me all thy frays
Of fish and mice, and rats and tender chick.
Nay, look not down, nor lick thy dainty wrists—
For all the wheezy asthma,—and for all
Thy tail's tip is nick'd off—and though the fists
Of many a maid has given thee many a maul,
Still is that fur as soft as when the lists
In youth thou enter'dst on glass-bottled wall.

SEA SONG.

AFTER DIBDIN.

PURE water it plays a good part in
 The swabbing the decks and all that—
 And it finds its own level for sartin—
 For it sartinly drinks very flat :—
 For my part a drop of the creatur
 I never could think was a fault,
 For if Tars should swig water by natur,
 The sea would have never been salt !—
 Then off with it into a jorum
 And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
 For if I've any sense of decorum
 It never was meant to be neat !—

One day when I was but half sober,—
 Half measures I always disdain,—
 I walk'd into a shop that sold Soda,
 And ax'd for some Water Champagne :—

Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys,
Till I'd shipped my six bottles or more,
And blow off my last limb but it's true, boys,
Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!—
Then off with it into a jorum,
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum,
It never was meant to be neat.



A BOTTLE JACK.



FANCY PORTRAIT—GALILEO.

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DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER:



"Arma Virumque *Canoe*."

I WAS once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I was in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Joe Miller of a man, who, being *pressed* to serve his Majesty on another element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a good ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of sad unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character they wanted.

The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—induced, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, except pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column as “*Quite a Gentleman.*”

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed by the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St. M****, and endorsed with my name, informed me that it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the Ballot.

At sight of the Orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, and my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to a fresh Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—“except in case of an

invasion." In vain I represented that we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and thought there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see nothing to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other figure. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at Ramsgate, the embarkation of the Walcheren expedition, and too well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transports*!"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the

memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping Serjeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rainbow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor Serjeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious Ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the Militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6, in short whether he was as tall as the flag; or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war, or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the Serjeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport.—“That I considered myself *drawn*; and expected therefore to be well *quarter’d*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militiamen ‘to be mustarded;’ but that if his Majesty did ‘*call me out,*’ I hoped I should ‘*give him satisfaction.*’”

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon’s mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General’s red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-office Seal, and superscribed “Henry Hardinge;” by which I was officially ab-

solved from serving on Horse, or on Foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

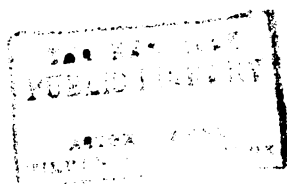
And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest ;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militia-men were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *disembodied*.



SHRIMP SAUCE TO A LOBSTER.



HORSE AND FOOT.



A LETTER

From a Market Gardener to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society.

SIR,

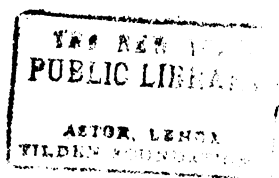
The Satiety having Bean pleasd to Complement Me before I beg Leaf to lie before Them agin as follow in particullers witch I hop They will luck upon with a Sowth Aspic.

Sir—last year I paid my Atentions to a Tater & the Satiety was pleasd to be gratifid at the Innlarge-ment of my Kidnis. This ear I have turnd my Eyes to Gozberrie.—I am happy to Say I have almost sucksidid in Making them too Big for Bottlin. I beg to Present sum of itch kind—Pleas obsarve a Green Goose is larger in Siz then a Red Goose-bry. Sir as to Cherris my atention has Bean cheafly occupid by the Black Arts. Sum of them are as big as Crickt Balls as will be seen I send a Sample tyed on a Wauking-stick. I send lickwise

a Potle of stray berris witch I hop will reach. They air so large as to object to lay more nor too in a Bed. Also a Potle of Hobbies and one of my new Pins, of a remarkably sharp flaviour. I hop they will cum to Hand in time to be at your Feat. Respective Black red & White Currency I have growd equely Large, so as one Bunch is not to be Put into a Galley Pot without jamming. My Pitches has not ben Strong, & their is no Show on My Walls of the Plumb line. Damsins will Be moor Plentifle & their is no Want of common Bul-lies about Lunnon. Please inform if propper to classify the Slow with the creepers.

Concerning Graps I have bin recommanded by mixing Wines with Warter Mellons, the later is inproved in its juce—but have douts of the fack. Of the Patgonian Pickleing Coucumber, I hav maid Trial of, and have hops of Growing one up to Markit by sitting one End agin my front dore. On account of its Progressiveness I propos calling it Pickleus Perriginatus if Aproved of.

Sir, about Improving the common Stocks.—Of





“TOE-HO!”

Haws I have some hops but am disponding about my Hyps. I have quite faled in cultuvating them into Cramberris. I have allso atempted to Mull Blackberis, but am satisfid them & the Mulberris is of diferent Genius. Pleas observe of Aples I have found a Grafft of the common Crab from its Straglin sideways of use to Hispalliers. I should lick to be infourmd weather Scotch Granite is a variety of the Pom Granite & weather as sum say so pore a frute, and Nothing but Stone.

Sir,—My Engine Corn has been all eat up by the Burds namely Rocks and Ravines. In like manner I had a full Shew of Pees but was distroyd by the Sparers. There as bean grate Mischef dun beside by Entymollogy—in some parts a complet Patch of Blight. Their has bean a grate Deal too of Robin by boys and men picking and stealing but their has bean so many axidents by Steel Traps I don't like setting on 'em.

Sir I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to considder the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports :—

My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Be
torture Shell and a Grate faverit, we had
berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake
richment of the Mould I had the carks dep
under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The
being up till then of the smooth kind. B
next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berri
Gozberris was all hairy.—& moor Remarkab
Catpilers of the same bush, was All of the
hairy Discription.

I am Sir Your humble servant

THOMAS FR



"TOM'S A-COLD!"

THE PILLORY.

"Thro' the wood laddie."—SCOTTISH SONG.

I NEVER was in the pillory but once, which I must ever consider a misfortune. For looking at all things, as I do, with a philosophical and inquiring eye, and courting experience for the sake of my fellow creatures, I cannot but lament the short and imperfect opportunity I enjoyed of filling that elevated situation, which so few men are destined to occupy. It is a sort of Egg-Premiership; a place above your fellows, but a place in which your hands are tied. You are not without the established political vice, for you are not absolved from turning.

Let me give a brief description of the short irregular glimpse I had of men and things, while I was in Pillory Power. I was raised to it, as many

men are to high stations, by my errors. I merely made a mistake of some sort or other in an answer in Chancery, not injurious to my interests, and lo ! the Recorder of London, with a suavity of manner peculiar to himself, announced to me my intended promotion ; and in due time I was installed into office !

It was a fine day for the pillory ; that is to say, it rained in torrents. Those only who have had boarding and lodging like mine, can estimate the comfort of having washing into the bargain.

It was about noon when I was placed, like a statue, upon my wooden pedestal ; an hour probably chosen out of consideration to the innocent little urchins then let out of school, for they are a race notoriously fond of shying, pitching, jerking, pelting, flinging, slinging—in short, professors of throwing in all its branches. The public officer presented me first with a north front, and there I was—"God save the mark !"—like a cock at Shrovetide, or a lay-figure in a Shooting Gallery !

The storm commenced. Stones began to spit—

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WHAT MUST BE—MUST.

mud to mizzle—cabbage stalks thickened into a shower. Now and then came a dead kitten—sometimes a living cur ; anon an egg would hit me on the eye, an offence I was obliged to wink at. There is a strange appetite in human kind for pelt-ing a fellow creature. A travelling China-man actually threw away twopence to have a pitch at me with a pipkin ; a Billingsgate huckster treated me with a few herrings, not by any means too stale to be purchased in St. Giles's ; while the weekly halfpence of the schoolboys went towards the support of a Costermonger and his Donkey, who supplied them with eggs fit for throwing, and for nothing else. I confess this last description of missiles, if missiles they might be called that never miss'd, annoyed me more than all the rest ; however there was no remedy. There I was forced to stand, taking up my livery, and a vile livery it was ; or, as a wag expressed it, “being made free of the Pelt-mongers.”

It was time to appeal to my resources. I had read somewhere of an Italian, who, by dint of

mental abstraction, had rendered himself unconscious of the rack, and while the executioners were tugging, wrenching, twisting, dislocating, and breaking joints, sinews, and bones, was perchance in fancy only performing his diurnal Gymnastics, or undergoing an amicable Shampooing. The pillory was a milder instrument than the rack, and I had naturally a lively imagination; it seemed plausible, therefore, that I might make shift to be pelted in my absence. To attain a scene as remote as possible from pain, I selected one of absolute pleasure for the experiment; no other, in truth, than that Persian Paradise, the Garden of Gul, at the Feast of Roses. Flapping the wings of Fancy with all my might, I was speedily in those Bowers of Bliss, and at high romps with Houri and Peri,—

“ Flinging roses at each other.”

But, alas for mental abstraction! The very first bud hit me with stone-like vehemence; my next rose, of the cabbage kind, breathed only a rank cabbage fragrance; and in another moment the

claws of a flying cat scratched me back into myself; and there I was again, in full pelt in the pillory!

My first fifteen minutes, the only quarter I met with, had now elapsed, and my face was turned towards the East. The first object my one eye fell upon was a heap of Macadamization, and I confess I never thought of calculating the number of stones in such a hillock, till I saw the mob preparing to cast them up!

I expected to be lithographed on the spot! Instinct suggested to me that the only way to save my life was by dying; so dropping my head and hands, and closing my last eye with a terrific groan, I expired for the present. The *ruse* took effect. Supposing me to be defunct, the mob refused to kill me. Shouts of "Murder! Shame! Shame! No Pillory!" burst from all quarters. The Pipkin-monger abused the Fishwoman, who rated the Schoolboys; they in turn fell foul of the Costermonger, who was hissing and groaning at the whole assembly; and finally, a philanthropic

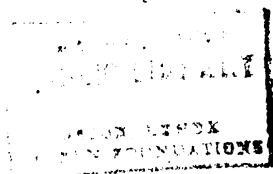
Constable took the whole group into custody. In the mean time I was taken down, laid with a sack over me in a cart, and driven off to a Hospital, my body seeming a very proper present to St. Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's, but my clothes fit for nothing but *Guy's*.



BOARDED, LODGED, AND DONE FOR.



A "CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY."



HONOR O'DRISCOLL.

BY HORATIO SMITH, ESQ.

A WELL-KNOWN writer on Geography,
 These *place-men* like the others vary,
 Informs us that the right topography
 Of Ballybeg is Tipperary,
 A fact I take as it is stated,
 Altho' I heard it once debated.—
 If the town *lies* as he has said,
 It can't be true, observed a punster ;
 But if the writer lies instead,
 Then Ballybeg may be in Munster.—
 Leaving such subtleties as these
 To punning logicians,
 And metaphysicians,
 We plunge at once *in medias res*.

In Ballybeg, the town aforesaid,
Honor O'Driscoll dwelt. A woman
Owning authority to no man,
Since she had been by death divorced
From her liege lord, altho' the neighbours,
And all who were disposed to hate her,
Insinuated that the waiter
Succeeded to the husband's labours,
And tho' she did not bear his name,
Was Landlord of the widowed dame.—
Be this assertion a truth or aspersion,
It proves beyond all controversion,
That she admitted no authority,
Of masculine superiority,
For if the waiter in her *distress*,
Compassionating her disaster,
Made her, as scandal says, his mistress,
Of course he could'nt be her master.—
Besides in their proportions note
That he was thin and she a thumper,
His will of course a mere *split vote*
Against the power of a *plumper*.



A SPLIT VOTE AND A PLUMPER.



Honor and Patrick in their function,
Atoning for a little private sin,
By practising one Scriptural injunction,
Whene'er they saw a stranger, *took him in* :
Not in that sense, however, which enlarges
The heart so much as it expands the charges,
For tho' they kept the *Pelican*, these elves
Plucking their customers, and not themselves,
Were never reckon'd like their sign until
Folks came to see their length of bill.—

From these two facts—*videlicet*, that Honor
Was high in all her charges—tho'
Her character stood rather low,
A *Sobriquet* was fastened on her,
And Jokers with a nod would say,
“‘HONOUR AND HONESTY!’—good day!”
A nickname which the laughing matron
Acknowledged to a toping patron,
Tho', if thus termed by a delinquent,
Adown whose pauper throat no drink went,
Her wrath was quickly up, good Lord!

For surely never yet to ink went,
Such terms abusive to record,
As then she lavishly out-poured.—
Thus her nickname was a misnomer
Which could in jest alone become her,
A self-refuting inuendo,
As we say—*lucus à non lucendo*,
Yet when good customers bespoke her
By this obnoxious *sobriquet*,
Their waggery she could repay,
And turn the joke upon the joker,
In proof whereof we lay before ye
The following authentic story.—

The Lawyers on the Circuit wending,
Were fain thro' Ballybeg to pass,
Oft at the Pelican their rout suspending
To take their dinner and their glass,
With Curran at their head—renown'd
For putting jokes and bumpers round,
And who, as their Bursar and general Fiscal,
Settled all items with Mistress O'Driscoll.

At one of these facetious dinners,
Curran had joked—the hearers laugh'd,
And all had pretty freely quaff'd,
When to amuse the legal sinners,
The Chairman rang, and begged the waiter,
(Patrick, aforesaid) to request
That Dame O'Driscoll—honest cratur,'
Would join the party as a Guest.—
So said—so done—the Dame appears,
And takes her wine-glass and her seat,
Spite of the leers, and sneers, and jeers,
With which their visitant they greet.—
'Gentlemen, please to charge your glasses,
Our landlady's good health we drink,'
Cries Curran—'bumpers to the brink,
This is a toast that no one passes ;—
Hip—hip—now, take your time from me,
" *Honour and Honesty!*"—with three !'
'I give you credit,'—cries the dame,
As with mock reverence she bends,
'And gentlemen, to you the same—
It does one good to hear you name
With such respect—*your absent friends!*''

SONNET TO VAUXHALL.

BY EDWARD HERBERT, ESQ.

"The English Garden."

MASON.

THE cold transparent ham is on my fork—

It hardly rains—and hark the bell!—ding-dingle—
 Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,
 Mocking a Vauxhall shower!—Married and Single
 Crush—rush;—Soak'd Silks with wet white Satin min
 Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks it
 Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
 To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)
 All Noses are upturn'd!—Whish—ish!—On high
 The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—
 Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—
 And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—
 Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—and t
 Back to the cold transparent ham again!



ROCKET-TIME AT VAUXHALL—A PROMINENT FEATURE.

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THE DROWNING DUCKS.

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond
Enjoy'd yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living water-lilies,
But yellow as the daffo-dillies.

“It's very hard,” she used to moan,
“That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings.”
For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
She had a drake, his tail was curly,—

Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

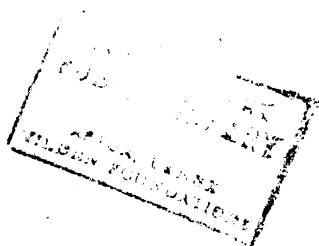
The birds were both the best of mothers—
The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—
But there, alas! the matter stuck!
They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,
The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
Like any over-loaded boat;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humour in a gander
Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying-pander
To appetite,—destroy'd their yolks,—
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em!
They went, like plummets, to the bottom.



A POACHER.



The thing was strange—a contradiction

It seem'd of nature and her works!

For little ducks, beyond conviction,

Should float without the help of corks :

Great Johnson it bewildered *him* !

To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond ! what could she do

But change the breed—and she tried divers,

Which dived as all seemed born to do ;

No little ones were e'er survivors—

Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,

They all were given to die-sinking !

In vain their downy coats were shorn ;

They flounder'd still !—Batch after batch went !

The little fools seem'd only born

And hatch'd for nothing but a hatchment !

Whene'er they launch'd—O sight of wonder !

Like fires the water “ got them under ! ”

No woman ever gave their lucks

A better chance than Mrs. Bond did ;

At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up, and desponded
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried "*duc ad me*" to all her dillies !

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas ! 'twas darker than before !
At last about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did !

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawl'd some eels as big as conger !

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case below the surface ;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,

In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turn'd to giblet-pie !

The sight at once explained the case,
Making the Dame look rather silly,
The tenants of that *Eely Place*
Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*.
And so by under-water suction,
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.



UNLICENSED VICTUALLERS.

A TRUE STORY.

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face,
 The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
 May form a notion of old Colonel Case
 With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case,—as the case is, many times with folks
 From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,
 Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say,
 And show'd two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.
 Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
 In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
 And might indeed have claimed akin to *that*,
 Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
 Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
 Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
 And then do penance in a yellow coat.

Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,
A stain of nature's staining—one of those
We call *fast* colours—merely, I suppose,
Because such colours never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and fallow,
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a pennyless beginner,
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
Deem'd *Wicklow* was the very place that ought
To harbour one whose *wick* was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
Things, Case was not accustomed to peruse,
Careless of news ;
But Pompey always read these bloody journals,
Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,

The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,
Of morning frays by some O'Brien Burke,
Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly ;
How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle,
Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,
And if he found an infant in the cradle,
Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it ;—
In fact, he read of burner and of killer,
And Irish ravages, day after day,
Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say,
That "Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar*."

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
That Case,—his master,—was a packing case
For Ireland !

He saw in fearful reveries arise,
Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
"Those *Emmetts*," not so "little in his eyes"

As Doctor Watts's !



CAPTAIN ROCK.

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He felt himself piked, roasted,—carved and hack'd,
His big black burly body seemed in fact
A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles,—
Oh, how he wished himself beneath the sun
Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one
Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beads*.

Full of this fright,
With broken peace and broken English choking,
As black as any raven and as croaking,
Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,
Plump'd on his knees, and clasp'd his sable digits,
Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—
“O Massa!—Massa!—Colonel!—Massa Case!—
Not go to Ireland!—Ireland dam bad place;
Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
Oh why for Massa go so far a distance
To have him life?”—Here Pompey made a stop,
Putting an awful period to existence.

“Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,
And murdered—why should I be murder'd, Sirrah?”

Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow,—
Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror
The Colonel's saffron, and his own japan,—
“Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright,
boy?”
“O Massa”—(so the explanation ran)
“Massa be killed—'cause Massa *Orange Man*,
And Pompey killed—'cause Pompey not a *White
Boy!*”



“SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, LIKE THE NIGHT.”





GUY OF WARWICK.

SAINT MARK'S EVE.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

“THE Devil choke thee with un!”—as Master Giles the Yeoman said this, he banged down a hand, in size and colour like a ham, on the old-fashioned oak table;—“I do say the Devil choke thee with un!”

The Dame made no reply:—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people, but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question, but the Dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high

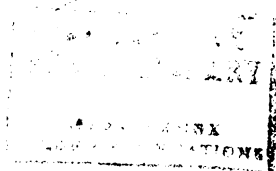
words,—which properly understood, signifies very low language. Their mealtimes seldom passed over without some contention of the sort,—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they—being in fact equally greedy and disagreeedy—and when they did pick a quarrel they picked it to the bone.

It was reported, that on some occasions they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching—though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with “wishing each other dead with all their hearts—” and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark,—a Saint who was supposed on that Festival to favour his Votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the



BOXER AND PINCHER.



popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight, beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by Death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The Yeoman, like his neighbours, believed most devoutly in this superstition—and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him, that the Even was at hand, when by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a Sexton-like spirit set forth on his way to the Church.

In the meantime the Dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the Saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal, the moon

throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other, only a few yards apart; both, through a natural panic, as pale as Ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tombstones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers.

By and by, being called to supper, instead of

sulking as aforetime, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humour, though mutually suspected of the worst; and amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The Dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweetbreads *for one year*: and the Farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then, they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other, as being already in the church-yard mould, or quite "moulded to their wish."

On the morrow, which happened to be the Dame's birth-day, the Farmer was the first to wake, and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not

scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doom'd man, considering that when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the Farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tid-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality, when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were

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"LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel ; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase), "*as good as dead.*"

Ten months wore away, and the Farmer's birth-day arrived in its turn. The Dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The Farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included ; his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headache from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The Farmer, resting his elbows upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully

on his wife,—scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh off her cheeks and in fancy converting her whole head into a mere *Caput Mortuum*.^{*} The Dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the Yeoman quite as ruefully,—by the same process of imagination, picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the Farmer was the first to give it utterance :

“ Thee’d be miss’d Dame, if thee were to die !”

The Dame started. Although she had nothing but Death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra-cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest; recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit:—“ I wish, Master, thee may live so long as I !”

The Farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer ; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful ; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humour, and dove-tailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied ; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit of the Lady in Lalla Rookh—

“ I never taught a bright Gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !”

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear ; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, “ that he should be lonesome man when she was gone.” The Dame, this time, heard the survivorship foreboded without

starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doom'd man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted Yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting Farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a Memento Mori face, she broached the matter in the following question—"Master, how bee'st?"

"As hearty, Dame, as a buck,"—the Dame shook her head,—“and I wish thee the like,”—at which he shook his head himself.

A dead silence ensued :—the Farmer was as unprepared as ever.—There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently,—an experiment which has never answered any more than with Ironstone China. The Dame felt this,

and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the Yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the Dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as "the pale of society"—the colourless complexion of late hours.

St. Martin had numbered his years; and the remainder days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife:—

"Thee hast watch'd, Dame, at the church porch, then?"

"Aye, Master."

"And thee didst see me spirituously?"

"In the brown wrap, with the boot hose. Thee

were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge.”—For a minute the Farmer paused—but the next, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter;—peal after peal—and each higher than the last,—according to the hysterical gamut of the hyæna. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightening before death, and was beginning to wring her hands, and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman:—

“ Dame, thee bee’st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the Church porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face—but, thanks to God, thee beest a-living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten-month ! ”

The Dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance

of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the county,—but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.



BEAR AND FOR-BEAR.

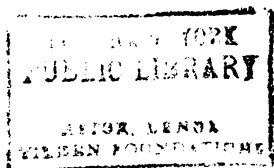
SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago
 Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
 And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
 The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
 But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
 A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
 The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
 And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
 Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
 When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
 No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
 May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
 And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv
 Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits !



A DUTCH STEAMER.

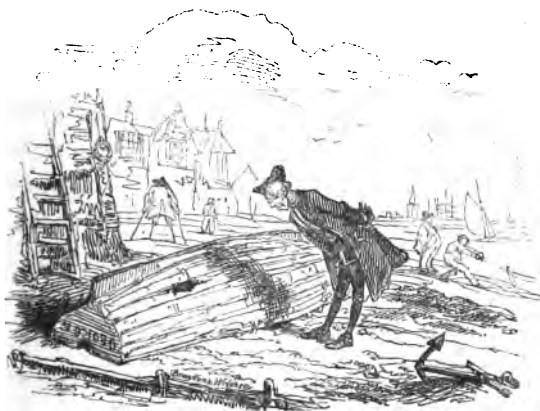


A GREENWICH PENSIONER

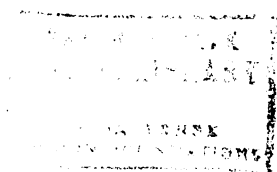
Is a sort of stranded marine animal, that the receding tide of life has left high and dry on the shore. He pines for his element like a Sea Bear, and misses his briny washings and wettings. What the ocean could not do, the land does, for it makes him sick; he cannot digest properly unless his body is rolled and tumbled about like a barrel-churn. Terra firma is good enough he thinks to touch at for wood and water, but nothing more. There is no wind he swears ashore—every day of his life is a dead calm,—a thing above all others he detests—he would like it better for an occasional earthquake. Walk he cannot, the ground being so still and steady that he is puzzled to keep his legs, and ride he will not, for he disdains a craft whose rudder is forward and not astern.

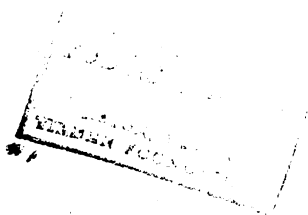
Inland scenery is his especial aversion. He

despises a tree "before the mast," and would give all the singing birds of Creation for a Boatswain's whistle. He hates prospects, but enjoys retrospects. An old boat, a stray anchor, or decayed mooring ring, will set him dreaming for hours. He splices sea and land ideas together. He reads of "shooting off a tie at Battersea," and it reminds him of a ball carrying away his own pigtail. "Canvassing for a situation," recalls running with all sails set for a station at Aboukir. He has the advantage of our Economists as to the "Standard of Value," knowing it to be the British ensign. The announcement of "an arrival of foreign vessels, with our ports open," claps him into a Paradise of prize money, with Poll of the *Pint*. He wonders sometimes at "petitions to be discharged from the Fleet," but sympathises with those in the Marshalsea Court, as subject to a Sea Court Martial. Finally, try him even in the learned languages, by asking him for the meaning of "Georgius Rex," and he will answer, without hesitation, "The wrecks of the Royal George."



A GREENWICH PENSIONER.







"AN ABRIDGEMENT OF ALL THAT IS PLEASANT IN MAN"

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND

The Little Unknown.

'Twas August—Hastings every day was filling—
 Hastings, that “greenest spot on memory’s waste!”
 With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling
 To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
 And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
 Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
 “Accommodation bills” kept coming down,
 Gladding “the world of letters” in that town.

Each day pour’d in new coach-fulls of new cits,
 Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
 Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
 And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying.

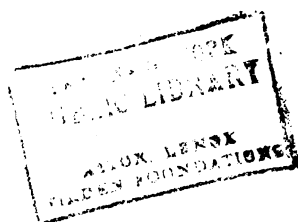
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appear'd a creature,
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,
His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
So short and sweet a man was never seen—
All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seem'd in love with chance—and chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirr'd of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatched—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!



A TIDE-WAITER.



Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnish'd it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp :—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climb'd—and rode, and won,—and walk'd,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were baulk'd
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down :—some even talk'd
Of ducking him—when lo ! a dismal storm
Stept in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turn'd another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seem'd to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
Of the horizon—fann'd by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think

Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometimes *shades* in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion,—
Whereas the waves roll'd in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer,—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling,—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce :—
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar : so the hoarse thunder
Growl'd long—but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
But still it muttered to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watch'd the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-cheek'd planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :—
Meantime it steer'd, like Odin's old Armadas,
Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;—
Many proud gaits were quell'd—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceas'd—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed.—In all their days
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing

With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays :—
And truly one could think without much lashing
The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
Vanish'd—as if they knew their own attractions,—
For now the lightning through a near hand cloud
Began to make some very crooked fractions—
Only some few remain'd that were not cow'd,
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
Lest it should *blow*,—were pulling up the *Rose* :

(No flower, but a boat)—some more hauling
The *Regent* by the head :—another crew
With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—
Were heaving up the *Hope* :—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billow's reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic pow'r
Had all usurp'd the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the show'r,
Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant's eyes—
But then this sprinkle thicken'd in a trice
And rain'd much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh ! for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us !
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us ;—
But ev'n his music seem'd composed and low,
When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus ;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits rolled along the ground—

As big as bullets :—Lord ! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles :—And now the lightning flash'd
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two :—the gust too dash'd

So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did—and first it smash'd
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm :—Oh ! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them thro' these “loopholes of retreat”—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize !

By which, the cloud had passed o'er head, but play'd
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had array'd
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos, into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud :—the clouds themselves,
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
That Milton's devils were engag'd in blasting.—
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
Huge fragments loose,—and that we *felt* the sound
They made in falling to the startled ground.

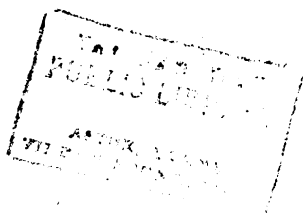
And so the tempest scowl'd away,—and soon
Timidly shining thro' its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver sides,—how sweet a boon,
Seem'd her sweet light, as tho' it would beget,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze !

Meantime the hail had ceas'd :—and all the brood
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains ;—
At every window, there were maids who stood
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,—

Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
Staunching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt
The wind resolv'd—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
No green-house but the same mishap befel ;—
Bow-windows and *bell-glasses* bore the brunt,—
No sex in glass was spared !—For those who dwell
On each hill side, you might have swam a punt
In any of their parlours ;—Mrs. Snell
Was slopp'd out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
Had a *flow'r-garden* washed into a *Kitchen*.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaim'd
The recent violence.—Each after each
The gentle waves a gentle murmur fram'd,
Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach—
Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aim'd
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
There was a gale—"quite equal to bespoke."





“SEE FROM OCEAN RISING.”

Before high water—(it were better far
To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,
For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater !
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter,
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed
Like stout pour'd out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launch'd that morn on seven shilling trips,
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,—
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships ;
For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

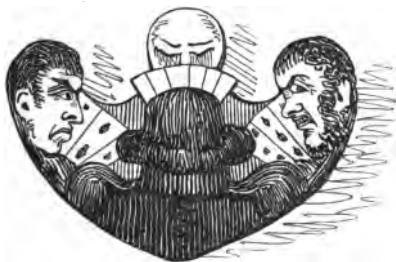
Awe struck we sat and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
A boiling ocean of mixed black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—

When lo, in that vast hollow scooped between
Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly !
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming !

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view,
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful somerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
And batter'd by the surge beyond all surgery !

However we snatch'd up the corse thus thrown,
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then Curiosity began with *her* fit ;
And lo ! the features of the Small Unknown !
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit !—
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signed with Mephistophiles !

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
The juggling Demon in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and *Nick'd* him in the *muin*!



“ON THE CARD RACK”

L I N E S

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
 And tempests make a soda-water sea,
 Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
 And think of me !

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
 A wine more praised than it deserves to be !
 Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
 And think of me !

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,
 Making a midnight meal of he and she ;
 Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,
 And think of me !

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KETCHING ITS PREY.

Go where the Serpent dangerously coileth,
 Or lies along at full length like a tree,
 Go where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
 And think of me !

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth
 In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
 And like a woman, all she can revealeth,
 And think of me !

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
 And parasols of straw where hats should be,
 Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
 And think of me !

Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,
 And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee !
 Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
 And think of me !

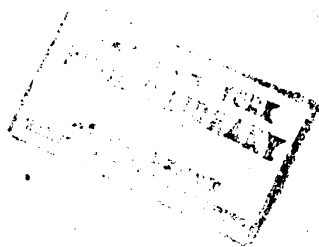
Go where a cook must always be a currier,
 And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,
 Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,
 And think of me !

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consign'd for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!



"A SOW-WESTER OFF THE CAPE:—PIGS IN THE TROUGH OF
THE SEA."





POLYPHEMUS WITH HIS EYE OUT.

THE FURLOUGH—AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

"Time was called.— BOXIANA.

IN the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine Inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady"—the speaker was the old woman—"Come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down Thady, darlin!"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

“It’s honour, honour bright, Kathleen!” and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

“Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!”

“It’s honour, mother!—It’s honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!”

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on Furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the Furlough expired.

“The first of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world,—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!”

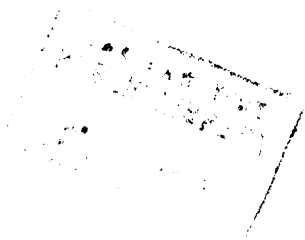
“The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you

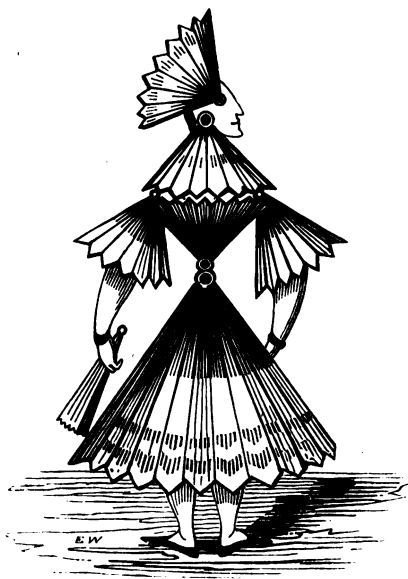
have a day to spare then,—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days.”

The soldier was thunder-struck.—“Twenty-nine days is it?—You’re sartin of that same!—Oh, Mother, Mother!—the Divil fly away wid yere ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!”

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud Hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and the third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.—

“It’s a happy man I am, your Honour, for my word’s saved, and all by your Honour’s manes.—Long life to your Honour for the same!—May ye live a long hundred—and lape-years every one of them!”





FANNY.

TO FANNY.

"Gay being, born to flutter! —*Sale's Glee.*

Is this your faith, then, Fanny !
 What, to chat with every Dun !
 I'm the one, then, but of many,
 Not of many, but the *One* !

Last night you smiled on all, Ma'am,
 That appear'd in scarlet dress ;
 And your Regimental Ball, Ma'am,
 Look'd a little like a *Mess*.

I thought that of the Sogers
 (As the Scotch say) one might do,
 And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,
 Was the chosen man and true.

But 'Sblood ! your eye was busy
With that ragamuffin mob ;—
Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—
And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,
Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with
Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,
And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—Major Dowdrum—
Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—
Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,
Captain Any-one—but I !

Deuce take it ! when the regiment
You so praised, I only thought
That you lov'd it in abridgment,
But I now am better taught !

I went, as loving man goes,
To admire thee in quadrilles ;

But Fan, you dance fandangoes
With just any fop that wills !

I went with notes before us,
On the lay of Love to touch ;
But with all the Corps in chorus,
Oh! it is indeed too much !

You once—ere you contracted
For the Army—seem'd my own ;
But now you laugh with all the Staff,
And I may sigh alone !

I know not how it chances,
When my passion ever dares,
But the warmer my advances,
Then the cooler are your airs,

I am, I don't conceal it,
But I am a little hurt ;
You're a Fan, and I must feel it,
Fit for nothing but a *Flirt* !

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty
On myself alone did fall ;
But alas ! “Cosi Fan Tutti !”
It is thus, Fan, thus with all !

You have taken quite a mob in
Of new military flames ;—
They would make a fine Round Robin
If I gave you all their names !



A ROUND ROBIN.

A LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.

*Squampash Flatts,
9th November, 1827.*

DEAR BROTHER.

Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudi-boo winding through the midst—with the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a Panorama in a pill-box!

We have fixed our Settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage and all our iron work,

but by great good fortune we saved Mrs. Paisley's grand piano and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log huts and one of clay, which however, on the second day, fell in to the ground landlords. We have now built it up again ;—and all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect—and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the Old Metropolis. We have one of the log houses to ourselves—or at least shall have when we have built a new hog-stye. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and for the present the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright and it makes a convenient cupboard,—the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs, but thank Heaven we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs. P. grumbles a little, but it is her

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A STIFF VISIT.

custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts. She complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits.

The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs. P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every night from dusk till daylight, but we have only been inconvenienced by one Lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied ;—but ever since he comes to us as regular as clock-work for his mutton ; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets, but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into

a pit-fall ; but after twice catching Mrs. P., and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all, and to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows and barricaded the door.

We have lost only one of our number since we came ; namely, Diggory, the market gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanise, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return ; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just despatched Mudge, the Herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence.

The river Mudiboo is deep and rapid, and said to swarm with Alligators, though I have heard but



EMIGRATION—MEETING A SETTLER.



of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long ; this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c., are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes.

In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African Paradise.

The drawback I speak of is this: although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of Monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of their tribe. No human art or vigilance seems of avail ; we have planned ambuscades, and watched

night after night, but no attempt has been made ; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions, yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off, with the precision of an English Harvesting. Our spirit stores—(you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars)—have been broken open and ransacked, though half the establishment were on the watch ; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject,

And am, Dear Philip,

Your loving brother,

AMBROSE MAWE.

P.S. Since writing the above, you will be con-

cerned to hear the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge, is no longer doubtful. The old Lion has brought the Lioness, and the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the Bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a Swamp. I have just discovered that the Monkeys are my own rascals, that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can.



UNLAWFUL COURSES.

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
 Beguild by Wooer fayne and fond ;
 And whiles His flatteryng Vowes She drank,
 Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond !

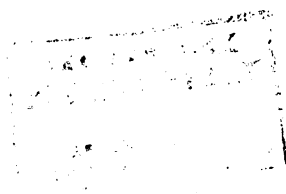
All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
 For She was fayre and He was Kinde ;
 The Sunne went down before She wist
 Ane other Sonne had sett behinde !

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,
 That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,
 She pluckt Him out, but he was now
 Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
 With Shrikes that Echo answerde round—
 O ! foolishe Mayd, to be soe sadde
 The Momente that her Care was drownd !



"ACCUSTOMED TO THE CARE OF CHILDREN."







GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resign'd, I kissed the rod."

WELL ! I think it is time to put up !
 For it does not accord with my notions,
 Wrist, elbow, and chine,
 Stiff from throwing the line,
 To take nothing at last by my motions !

I ground-bait my way as I go,
 And dip in at each watery dimple ;
 But however I wish
 To inveigle the fish,
 To my *gentle* they will not play *simple* !

Tho' my float goes so swimmingly on,
 My bad luck never seems to diminish ;
 It would seem that the Bream
 Must be scarce in the stream,
 And the *Chub*, tho' its chubby, be *thinnish* !

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
And although at my hook
With *attention* I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with a *Tench* on!

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now ;
Have they taken advice
Of the "*Council of Nice*,"
And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching ;
For the gut I have brought,
I had better have bought
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-catching* !

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then ;
I may wait till it's night,
Without any bite,
And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then !

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now ;
Not a Dace have I got,
And I fear it is not
“ Carpe diem,” a day for the Carp now !

Oh ! there is not a one pound prize
To be got in this fresh-water lottery !—
What then can I deem
Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery* !.

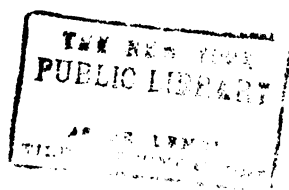
For an Eel I have learn'd how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing,—
But a fisherman feels
Little prospect of Eels,
In a path that's devoted to towing !

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting :—
And hungry and faint,—
Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting* !

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell,—
So, wet to the skin,
I'll e'en back to my Inn,
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell*!



“HOOK AND EYE.”





**"STICK TO THY BUSINESS, AND THY BUSINESS WILL STICK
TO THEE."**

THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.

A PAIR of married kangaroos,
 (The case is oft a human one too,)
Were greatly puzzled once to choose
 A trade to put their eldest son to :
A little brisk and busy chap,
 As all the little K.'s just then are—
About some two months off the lap,—
 They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
Betray'd the hardship of the puzzle—
 So much the flavour of life's cup
Is framed by early wrong or right,
And Kangaroos, we know are quite
 Dependent on their "rearing up."

The question, with its ins and outs,
Was intricate and full of doubts ;
And yet they had no squeamish carings
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
Such notion never had an entry,
For they had no armorial bearings.
Howbeit they're not the last on earth
That might indulge in pride of birth ;
Whoe'er has seen their infant young
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
Would own, with very ready tongue,
They are not born like common folks.
Well, thus the serious subject stood,
It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
Debating for young hopeful's good,
That he might earn his livelihood,
And go through life (like them) uprightly.
Arms would not do at all ; no, marry,
In that line all his race miscarry ;
And agriculture was not proper,
Unless they meant the lad to tarry
For ever as a mere clod-hopper.

He was not well cut out for preaching,
At least in any striking style :
And as for being mercantile—
He was not form'd for over-reaching.

The law—why there still fate ill-starr'd him,
And plainly from the bar debarred him :
A doctor—who would ever fee him ?
In music he could scarce engage,
And as for going on the stage
In tragic socks I think I see him !

He would not make a rigging-mounter ;
A haberdasher had some merit,
But there the counter still ran counter,
For just suppose
A lady chose
To ask him for a yard of ferret !

A gardener digging up his beds,
The puzzled parents shook their heads.

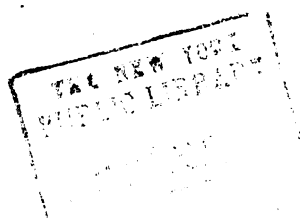
“ A tailor would not do because—”
They paused and glanced upon his paws.

Some parish post,—though fate should place it
Before him, how could he embrace it?

In short each anxious Kangaroo
Discuss'd the matter through and through ;
By day they seem'd to get no nearer,
 'Twas posing quite—
 And in the night
Of course they saw their way no clearer !
At last thus musing on their knees—
Or hinder elbows if you please—
It came—no thought was ever brighter !
In weighing every why and whether,
They jump'd upon it both together—
“ Let's make the imp a *short-hand writer* ! ”

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
 Would argue what their sons are fit for ;
Some would-be critics that I know,
 Would be in trades they have more wit for.





ENJOYING THE "TAILS OF MY LANDLORD."

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal."—Hist. Eng.

No morning ever seem'd so long !—
I tried to read with all my might !
In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high !—
The Postman rattled at the door !—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor !"

I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
Flung-to the door, and lock'd me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal—
And kiss'd the B in Benjamin !

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring !—

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke—
Without a Parson and a Clerk !



“SHEER PRETENSION.”

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"A BUMPER AT PARTING."

CONVEYANCING.

O, London is the place for all
 In love with loco-motion !
 Still to and fro the people go
 Like billows of the ocean ;
 Machine or man, or caravan,
 Can all be had for paying,
 When great estates, or heavy weights
 Or bodies want conveying.

There's always hacks about in packs,
 Wherein you may be shaken,
 And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
 Tho' always *overtaken* ;
 In racing tricks he'll never mix,
 His nags are in their last days,
 And *slow* to go, altho' they show
 As if they had their *fast days* !

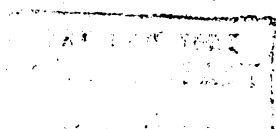
Then if you like a single horse,
This age is quite a *cab-age*,
A car not quite so small and light
As those of our Queen *Mab* age ;
The horses have been *broken well*,
All danger is rescinded,
For some have *broken both their knees*,
And some are *broken winded*.

If you've a friend at Chelsea end,
The stages are worth knowing—
There is a sort, we call 'em short,
Although the longest going—
For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,
Till you grow faint and sickly,
Perch'd up behind, at last to find,
Your dinner is all *dickey* !

Long stages run from every yard,
But if you're wise and frugal,
You'll never go with any Guard
That plays upon the bugle,



"FOUR INSIDE."



“Ye banks and braes,” and other lays,
And ditties everlasting,
Like miners going all your way,
With *boring* and with *blasting*.

Instead of *journeys*, people now
May go upon a *Gurney*,
With steam to do the horses' work,
By *powers of attorney*;
Tho' with a load it may explode,
And you may all be *un-done* !
And find you're going *up to Heav'n*,
Instead of *up to London* !

To speak of every kind of coach,
It is not my intention ;
But there is still one vehicle
Deserves a little mention :
The world a sage has call'd a stage,
With all its living lumber,
And Malthus swears it always bears
Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
For ever and a day hence,
For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
You'll never want conveyance;
Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!
It is no sight for laughter—
Away it goes, and leaves my nose
To join in running after!



“MOPPET.”

A GOOD DIRECTION.

A CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek
Proclaimed he had not been in living quite

An Anchorite—

Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day ;
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.
A very famous Author upon Diet,
Who, better starr'd than Alchemists of old,
By dint of turning mercury to gold, ,
Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles
At last, to make enquiry had the *nous*,—

“ Here, my good man,

Just tell me if you can,

Pray which is Mr. Aberfeldie's house ? ”

The man thus stopp'd—perusing for a while
The yellow visage of the man of bile,
At last made answer, with a broadish grin :
“ Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it.”

“ But stop ! my worthy fellow !—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it ? ”

“ How !—why you'll see *blue pillars* at the door ! ”



“ AN ANCHORITE.”

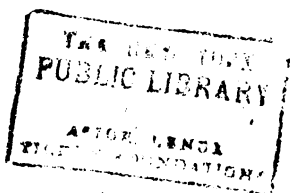
THE PLEASURES OF SPORTING.



A LEADING ARTICLE.

THE consulter of Johnson's Dictionary under the term of Sport, or Sporting, would be led into a great mistake by the Doctor's definition. The word, with the great Lexicographer, signifies nothing but Diversion, Amusement, Play:—but I shall submit to the reader, with a few facts, whether it has not a more serious connexion, or to speak technically, whether it should be Play or Pay.—

When I was a young man, having a good deal of ready money, and little wit,—I went upon the Turf. I began cautiously, and as I thought, knowingly. I studied the stud-book, and learnt the pedigree of every new colt—yet somehow, between sire and dam, continually losing “the pony.” My first experiment was at Epsom. By way of securing a leading article, I backed the Duke of *Leeds*, but the race came off, and the Duke was not placed. I asked eagerly who was *first*, and was told *Forth*. The winner was a slow but strong horse, and I was informed had got in front by being a *laster*. This was a *puzzle*, but I paid for my Riddlesworth, and prepared for the Derby. By good luck I selected an excellent colt to stand upon—he had been tried—it was a booked thing—but the day before the Derby there was a family wash, and the Laundress hung her wet linen on his *lines*. I paid again. I took advice about the Oaks, and instead of backing a single horse, made my stand, like Ducrow, upon four at once. No luck. Terror did not start—Fury came





SWEEPSTAKES:—"EVERY JENNY HAS A JOCKEY."

roaring to the post—Belle was told out, and Comet was tail'd off. I paid again—and began dabbling in the Sweepstakes, and burning my fingers with the Matches. Amongst others, a bet offered that I conceived was peculiarly tempting, 20,000 to 20 against Post Obit—a bad horse indeed, yet such odds seemed unjustifiable, even against “an outsider.” But I soon found my mistake. The outsider was in reality an insider,—filling the stomachs of somebody's hounds.—Pay again! I resolved however to retaliate, and the opportunity presented itself. I had been confidently informed that Centipede had not a leg to stand on, and accordingly laid against him as thick as it would stick. The following was the report of the race: ‘Centipede jumped off at a tremendous pace,—had it all his own way—and justified his name by coming in a hundred feet in front.’—Pay again! These “hollow” matters however fretted me little, save in pocket. They were won easy, and lost to match—but the “near things” were unbearable.

To lose only by half a head,—a few inches of horse-flesh ! I remember two occasions when Giraffe won by “a neck,” and Elephant by “a nose.” I was almost tempted to blow out my brains by the nose, and to hang myself by the neck !

On one of those doubtful occasions, when it is difficult to name the winner, I thought I could determine the point, from some peculiar advantage of situation, and offered to back my opinion. I laid that Cobler had won, and it was taken ; but a signal from a friend decided me that I was wrong, and by way of hedge, I offered to lay that Tinker was the first horse. This was taken like the other, and the Judges declared a dead rob—I mean to say a dead heat.—Pay again !

A likelier chance next offered. There was a difference of opinion, whether Bohea would start for the Cup, and his noble owner had privately and positively assured me that he would. I therefore betted freely that he would *run* for the Plate, and he *walked* over !—Pay again ! N. B. I found when

it was too late, that I should not have paid in this case, but I did.

The Great St. Leger was still in reserve. Somewhat desperate, I betted round, in sums of the same shape, and my best winner became first favourite at the start. Never shall I forget the sight! I saw him come in ten lengths a-head of everything—hollow! hollow! I had no voice to shout with, and it was fortunate. Man and horse went, as usual, after the race, to be weighed, and were put into the scale. They rose a little in our eyes, and sunk proportionably in our estimation. Roguery was sniffed—the Jockey Club was appealed to, and it gave the stakes to the second horse. All bets went with the stakes, and so—Pay again!

It was time to cut the Turf—and I was in a mood for burning it too. I was done by Heath, but the impression on my fortune was not in the finished style. I now turned my attention to aquatics, and having been unfortunate at the

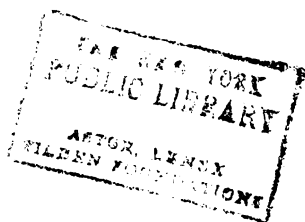
One Tun, tried my luck in a vessel of twenty. I became a member of a Yacht Club, made matches which I lost—and sailed for a Cup at the Cowe's Regatta, but carried away nothing but my own bowsprit. Other boats showed more speed, but mine most bottom; for after the match it upset, and I was picked up by a party of fishermen, who spared my life and took all I had, by way of teaching me, that a preserving is not a saving.—Pay again!



THE COWS' REGATTA.



A PARTY OF PLEASURE.



It was time to dispose of *The Lucky Lass*. I left her to the mate, with peremptory orders to make a sale of her ;—an instruction he fulfilled by making all the sail on her he could, and disposing of her—by contract—to a rock, while he was threading the Needles. In the meantime I betook myself to the chase. Sir W. W. had just cut his pack, and I undertook to deal with the dogs :—but I found dog's meat a dear item, though my friends killed my hunters for me, and I boil'd my own horses. The subscribers, moreover, were not punctual, and whatever differences fell out, I was obliged to make them up.—Pay again ! At last I happened to have a dispute with a brother Nimrod as to the capability of his Brown and mine, and we agreed to decide their respective rates, as church rates, by a Steeple Chase. The wager was heavy. I rode for the wrong steeple—leapt a dozen gates—and succeeded in clearing my own pocket.—Pay again !

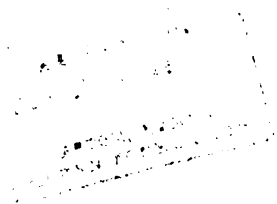
It was now necessary to retrench. I gave up

hunting the county, lest the county should repay it in kind, for I was now getting into its debt. I laid down my horses and took up a gun, leased a shooting box, and rented a manor, somewhat too far north for me, for after a few moves, I ascertained that the game had been drawn before I took to it. It was useless therefore to try to beat—the dogs, for want of birds, began to point at butterflies. My friends, however, looked for grouse, so I bought them and paid the carriage.—Pay again!

Other experiments I must abridge. I found Pugilistic Sporting, as usual—good with both hands at receiving:—at Cocking the “in-goes” were far exceeded by the “out-goes:”—and at the gaming table, that it was very difficult to pay my way—particularly in coming back. In short, I learned pages of meanings at school without trouble,—but the signification of that one word, Sporting, in manhood has been a long, and an uncomfortable lesson, and I have still an uncon-

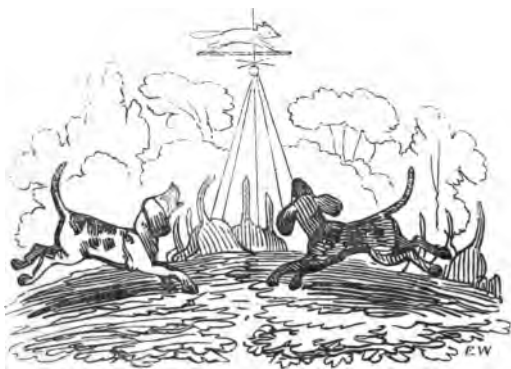


" POINTER AND DISAPPOINTER."



querable relish of its bitterness, in spite of the considerate attentions of my Friends:—

“ From Sport to Sport they hurry me
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forget.”



A STEEPLE CHASE.

ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD
MARKET.

“Sweeping our flocks and herds.”—DOUGLAS.

O PHILANTHROPIC men!—

For this address I need not make apology—

Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,

And planting further off its vile Zoology—

Permit me thus to tell,

I like your efforts well,

For routing that great nest of Hornithology!

Be not dismay'd, although repulsed at first,

And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb
parts,

Charge on!—you shall upon their hornworks burst,

And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.





10—AFTER VACCINATION.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers !
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds !
As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,
Off with them all !—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and
battle ;

And save the female sex
From being cow'd—like Iö—by the cattle !

Fancy,—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-on* !

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,
Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter's !

Or fancy this :—

Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly 'tis “ Aries Taurus Virgo !”—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden !

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss !
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross !

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate
Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate* !

Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round
The Market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—



I SEE CATTLE!

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“ ’Tis well for you that live apart—unable
To hear this brutal Babel,
But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows*.”

“ Folks that too freely sup
Must e’en put up
With their own troubles if they can’t digest ;
But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That *others’* victuals should disturb our rest,
That from our sleep *your* food should start and
jump us !

We like, ourselves, a steak,
But, Sirs, for pity’s sake !
We don’t want oxen at our doors to *rump-us* !

If we *do* doze—it really is too bad !
We constantly are roar’d awake or rung,
Through bullocks mad
That run in all the ‘ Night Thoughts ’ of our Young ! ”

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let’s take

The woes of those that wish to keep a *Wake!*

Oh think ! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these “Bulls of Basan,” far from mild
ones ;

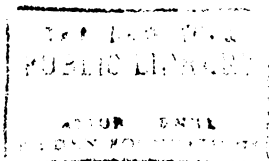
Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones !

Think of the Show woman, “ what shows a Dwarf,”
Seeing a red Cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forc’d with broom of birch to keep her off !

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
To see in the back row
Three live sheep’s heads, a porker’s, and an Ox’s !
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come
Through, to accompany the double drum !
Or, in the midst of murder and remorses,
Just when the Ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses !



THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.



Great Philanthropics! pray urge these topics!
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication!
Let the old Fair have fair play, as its right,
And to each Show and sight,
Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude;
To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,
And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude!



TOSSING UP—"WOMAN!"

SONNET.

Allegory—A moral vehicle.—DICTIONARY.

I HAD a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,
 Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,
 He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure ;
 Although he sometimes kicked, and shied aslant.
 I had a Chaise, and christen'd it Enjoyment,
 With yellow body, and the wheels of red,
 Because 'twas only used for one employment,
 Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.
 I had a wife, her nickname was Delight ;
 A son called Frolic, who was never still :
 Alas ! how often dark succeeds to bright !
 Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,
 Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,
 And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill* !



A SPILL CASE.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman like) he look'd marine
All downward from the waist ;
His trowsers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste !

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught ;

He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaff'd,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seem'd pitching fore and aft !

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall ;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
Head-foremast in his fall !
Three times he did not rise, alas !
He never rose at all !

But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived !
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand !

And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand !
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass !
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass.
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by a gale ;
Thought he "beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail !"

She looked as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,

To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chill'd him through and through !

With either hand he stopp'd his ears
Against her evil cry ;
Alas, alas, for all his care,
His doom it seem'd to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head
It was so sharp and high !

He thrust his fingers farther in
At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
The words were plain and clear ;
“ I can't stand here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer !”

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,
Up rose the Sub-marine,

And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been :
There was no siren with her glass !
No waters ocean-green !

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the bar-maid stand
With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of The Ship,
And little sanded floor !

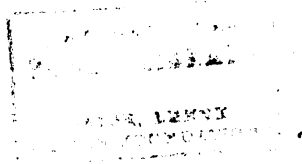


A DISCHARGE FROM THE BENCH.

“LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.”

“Fallen, fallen, fallen.”—DRYDEN.

MY father being what is called a serious tallow-chandler, having supplied the Baptist Meeting-house of Nantwich with *dips* for many years, intended to make me a field-preaching minister. Alas! *my* books were plays, *my* sermons soliloquies. You would not have wondered, had you seen me then, with my large dark eyes, my permanent nose, and a mouth to which my picture does but scanty justice. In large theatres these may be but secondary considerations; but a figure symmetrical as mine must have been seen through all space. Accordingly, I eloped with the young lady who used to rehearse my heroines with me, and came to London, where, after we had studied together till I was in debt, and she, as “ladies wish to be





PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

who love their lords," I began applying to the managers for leave to make my *débat*. I will not describe to you the neglect and rudeness I experienced! It did not abate my enthusiasm; but so true it is, "while the grass grows"—the proverb is somewhat musty,—that I had soon nothing but musty bread on which to feed my hopes, and hopeful wife. One burning spring day I roved as far as the fields near Greenwich, and, book in hand, went through Romeo, though but to a shy audience, for the sheep all took to their trotters, and the crows to their wings, and not without *caws*. (That joke *was* mine, let who will have claimed it.)

Suddenly somebody hissed; it could not be the sheep, and no geese were near. At that instant a very elegant man, stepping from behind a tree, thus accosted me:—

"Sir, I have heard you with delight. I can procure you an engagement, not perhaps for the Romeos, but all great actors have risen by slow degrees, and the best of them has, at his outset, been attacked by some snake in the grass." He

now pointed out the reptile, who slunk away, looking heartily ashamed of himself. The gentleman continued, "Mr. Richardson and Company are now acting at the fair. I am his scene-painter; see here, I have sketched you in your happiest attitude. Come with me." We went to the booth. I was hired; but, unluckily, my powers being suited for a larger stage, so overpowered my present audience, that I was taken out of all speaking parts, for fear of fatal consequences. Nevertheless, my grace in processions soon raised so much jealousy against me, that in the autumn Master recommended me to one of the Minors in town, where, for twice as much salary, I was never expected to appear before the curtain, but to make myself useful among the carpenters and scene-shifters. That Christmas, during the rehearsal of a Pantomime, four of us were set to catch a Harlequin, each to hold the corner of a blanket, and be ready for his jump through the scene. Alas! one gentleman brought his pot, and one his pipe, and the third an inclination for a snooze. Two were





NEGLECTING TO JOIN IN A CATCH.

ásleep, and one draining the last drops of stout from the pewter. I alone upheld my corner from the boards, when the awful leap came on us, like a star-shoot. I still see the momentary gleam of that strait, spangled, fish-like, head-long figure. Can, candle, bottle, pipes, all crashed beneath the heavy tumbler. With a torrent of apologies, we scrambled up, in the dark, to raise the fallen hero ; but there he lay, on his face, with legs and arms out spread, as we could feel, without sense, or sound, or motion, cold, stiff, and *dead* ! For an instant all was horrid silence ; we were as breathless as he. I resolved to give myself up to justice, yet found voice in the boldness of innocence to shout “ Help ! Lights ! All his bones are broken ! ” “ And all yours *shall* be, ye dogs ! ” cried a voice. We looked up ; there stood one Harlequin over us, alive ; there lay another under us, without a chance of ever more peeping through the blanket of the dark. That the speaker was no ghost we were soon convinced, as his magic bat battered us. The truth was, he had thrown at us the stuffed

Harlequin used in flying ascents, to try our vigilance, before he risked his own neck. I felt, however, that I *might* have been of a party who had killed a man. It was a judgment on me for being in such a place, with any less excuse than that of acting Romeo. I took my wife and babe back to Cheshire. We knelt at my father's feet, promising to serve in the shop ; fortunately it was one of his melting days ; he raised us to his arms,—we formed a *tableau generale*—and the curtain dropped.



“FLY NOT YET.”

LITERARY AND LITERAL.

THE March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,
 (A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on)
 In travelling thro' Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,
 Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,
 Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,
 A thing that, only in our proper youth,
 We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,
 A *Conversazione* at Hog's Norton!

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
 Has always by an adage been affronted,
 And that it is all *gutturals*, is now
 Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
 The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—

If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both !—

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!

Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!

O Colman! Kenny! Planché! Poole! Peake!

Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!

O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!

Hume! Wilmot Horton!

Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered
in Hog's Norton !—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum

Fram'd her society

With some variety

From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum ;

Not a mere pic-nic, for the mind's repast,

But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,

It held its sessions in the house that last

Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,

One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,

A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,

Which made of course a literary high day,—
Not that our Farmer was a man to go
With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,
When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,
Or *Lalla-Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em!
In fact in letters he was quite a log,
 With him great Bacon
 Was literally taken,
And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog!
As to all others on the list of Fame,
Altho' they were discuss'd and mention'd daily,
He only recognized one classic name,
And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss*
 Baillie!

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter
Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer,—
(Tho' men that deal in water-colour cakes
May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)
 She got the *bluer*
The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes*.

The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
At future Authorship was apt to hint,
Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,
Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily
Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley ;
And Fancy hinting that she had the better
Of L.E.L. by one initial letter,
She thought the world would quite enraptur'd see

“ LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS

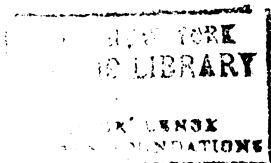
BY

‘
A. P. I. G.’”

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
She joined the H. N. B. and double S,
That is,—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society,
And saving when her Pa. his pigs prohibited,
Contributed
Her pork and poetry towards the mess.



“ ’TIS PLEASANT SURE TO SEE ONE’S SELF IN PRINT.”



This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
When farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
Screwing his courage to the “sticking-place,”
Stuck a large knife into a grunter’s throat:—
A kind of murder that the law’s rebuke
Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*
With *pig-wigs*!

The swine—poor wretch!—with nobody to speak
for it,
And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it;
So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
And, thus, there issued from the farmer’s yard
A note that notified without a card,
An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly,—“At the close of
The day,” as Beattie has it, “when the ham—”
Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
And pettitoes and chit’lings too, to cram,—
Walked in the H. N. B. and double S’s,

All in appropriate and swinish dresses,
For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,
Altho' the Muse might fairly jest upon it,
They came—each “Pig-faced Lady,” in that bonnet
We call a *poke*.

The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman
At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman* ;—
In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,
Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
She always named the authoress of “*Psyche*”—
As Mrs. *Tiggey*!

And now arose a question of some moment,—
What author for a lecture was the richer,
Bacon or Hogg? there were no votes for Beaumont,
But some for *Fletcher* ;
While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
Proposed another work,
And thought their pork
Would prove more relishing from Thomson's Sea-
son-ing!

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ASTOR, LENOX
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BREAKING UP, NO HOLIDAY.

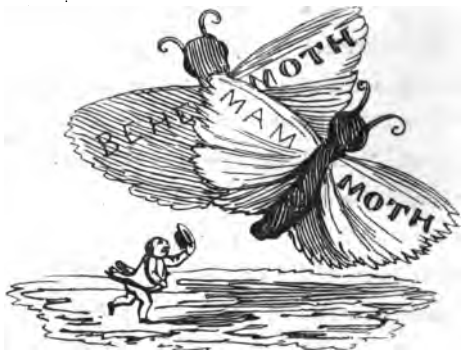
But, practised in Shakspearian readings daily,—
O ! Miss Macaulay ! Shakspeare at Hog's Norton !—
Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
Selected *him* that evening to snort on ;
In short, to make our story not a big tale,
Just fancy her exerting
Her talents, and converting
The Winter's Tale to something like a pig-tale !
Her sister auditory,
All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
Were very plauditory,
Of course, and clapped her at the proper places ;
Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,
She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.
But Happiness, alas ! has blights of ill,
And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode ;—
There is no travelling thro' life but still
The heart will meet with breakers on the road !

With that peculiar voice
Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,

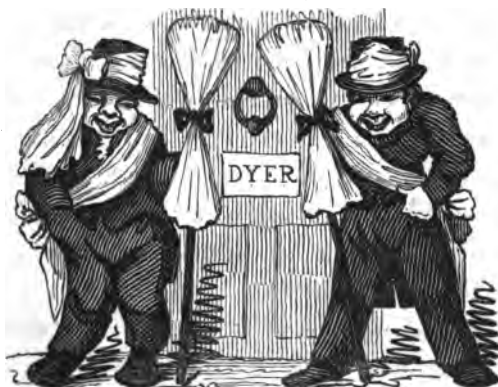
Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,
When coming to that line; where Proserpine
Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis ;

Imagine this—

Uprose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,
Grunting this question for the club's digestion,
“ Do *Dis's Waggon* go from the Ould Bääley ?”



THE SORROWS OF AN UNDERTAKER.



"O, NOTHING IN LIFE CAN SADDEN US."

To mention only by name the sorrows of an Undertaker, will be likely to raise a smile on most faces,—the mere words suggest a solemn stalking parody of grief to the satiric fancy;—but give a fair hearing to my woes, and even the veriest

mockers may learn to pity an Undertaker who has been unfortunate in all his undertakings.

My Father, a Furnisher and Performer in the funeral line, used to say of me,—noticing some boyish levities—that “I should never do for an Undertaker.” But the prediction was wrong—my Parent died, and I did for him in the way of business. Having no other alternative, I took possession of a very fair stock and business. I felt at first as if plunged in the Black Sea—and when I read my name upon the shop door, it threw a crape over my spirits, that I did not get rid of for some months.

Then came the cares of business. The scandalous insinuated that the funerals were not so decorously performed as in the time of the Late. I discharged my Mutes, who were grown fat and jocular, and sought about for the lean and lank visaged kind. But these demure rogues cheated and robbed me—plucked my feathers and pruned my scarfs, and I was driven back again to my “merrie men,”—whose only fault was making a pleasure of their business.

Soon after this, I made myself prominent in the parish, and obtained a contract for Parochial Conchology—or shells for the paupers. But this even, as I may say, broke down on its first tressels. Having as my first job to inter a workhouse female—Ætat 96—and wishing to gain the good opinion of the parish, I had made the arrangements with more than usual decency. The company were at the door. Placing myself at the head, with my best burial face, and my slowest solemnity of step, I set forward, and thanks to my professional deafness,—induced by the constant hammering—I never perceived, till at the church gates, that the procession had not stirred from the door of the house. So good a joke was not lost upon my two Mutes, who made it an excuse for chuckling on after occasions. But to me the consequence was serious. A notion arose amongst the poor that I was too proud to walk along with their remains, and the ferment ran so high, that I was finally compelled to give up my contract.

So much for foot funerals. Now for coach

work. The extravagant charges of the jobbers at last induced me to set up a Hearse and Mourning Coaches of my own, with sleek ebony long-tail horses to match. One of these—the finest of the set—had been sold to me under warranty of being sound and free from vice ; and so he was, but the dealer never told me that he had been a charger at Astley's. Accordingly on his very first performance, in passing through Bow,—at that time a kind of Fairy Land,—he thought proper, on hearing a showman's trumpet, to dance a cotillion in his feathers ! There was nothing to be done but to travel on with three to the next stage, where I sold the caperer at a heavy loss, and to the infinite regret of my merry mourners, with whom this exhibition had made him a great favourite. From this period my business rapidly declined, till instead of five or six demises, on an average, I put in only two defuncts and a half per week.

In this extremity a "black job" was brought to me that promised to make amends for the rest. One fine morning a brace of executors walked into



FAIRY LAND.

OFFICE OF THE
DIRECTOR OF THE
BUREAU OF THE
LAND OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
JAN 10 1900

the shop, and handing to me the following extract of a will, politely requested that I would perform accordingly—and with the pleasing addition that I was to be regardless of the expence. The document ran thus: “Item, I will and desire that after death, my body be placed in a strong leaden coffin, the same to be afterwards enclosed in one of oak, and therein my remains to be conveyed handsomely to the village of *** in Norfolk; my birth place; there to lie, being duly watched, during one night, in the Family mansion now unoccupied, and on the morrow to be carried thence to the church, the coffin being borne by the six oldest resident and decayed parishioners, male or female, and for the same they shall receive severally the sum of five pounds, to be paid on or before the day of interment.”

It will be believed that I lost no time in preparing the last solid and costly receptacles for the late Lady Lambert; and the unusual bulk of the deceased seemed in prospective to justify a bill of proportionate magnitude. I was prodigal of

plumes and scutcheons, of staves and scarfs, and mourning coaches; and finally, raising a whole company of black cavalry, we set out by stages, short and sweet, for our destination. I had been prudent enough to send a letter before me to prepare the bearers, and imprudent enough to remit their fees in advance. But I had no misgivings. My men enjoyed the excursion, and so did I. We ate well, drank well, slept well, and expected to be well paid for what was so well done. At the last stage it happened I had rather an intricate reckoning to arrange, by which means being detained a full hour behind the cavalcade, I did not reach the desired village till the whole party had established themselves at the Dying Dolphin; a fact I first ascertained from hearing the merriment of my two mutes in the parlour. Highly indignant at this breach of decorum, I rushed in on the offending couple; and let the Undertaking Reader conceive my feelings, when the following letter was put into my hands, explaining at once the good joke of the two fellows, or rather that of the whole village.

“Sir,—We have sought out the six oldest of the pauper parishioners of this place, namely as follows :—

Margaret Squires, aged 101, blind and bed-ridden.

Timothy Topping, aged 98, paralytic and bed-ridden.

Darius Watts, aged 95, with loss of both legs.

Barbara Copp, 94 years, born without arms.

Phillip Gill, about 81, an Idiot.

Mary Ridges, 79, afflicted with St. Vitus.

Among whom we have distributed your Thirty Pounds according to desire, and for which they are very grateful.

JOHN GILLS,
SAM. RACKSTROW, } Overseers.”

Such were the six bearers who were to carry Lady Lambert to the church, and who could as soon have carried the church to Lady Lambert. To crown all, I rashly listened to the advice of my thoughtless mutes, and in an evil hour deposited the body without troubling any parishioner, old or young, on the subject. The consequence is, the Executors demur to my bill, because I have not acted up to the letter of my instructions. I have

had to stand treat for a large party on the road, to sustain all the charges of the black cavalry, and am besides minus thirty pounds in charity, without even the merit of a charitable intention !



OVERTAKER AND UNDERTAKER.

THE NEW
PUBLIC

ARTIST
1911



FANCY PORTRAIT—MADE. HENGLER.

ODE TO MADAME HENGLER,

FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL.

OH Mrs. Hengler!—Madame,—I beg pardon ;
 Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden!
 Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—
 The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,
 Whose squibs are far more popular than his ;
 Whose works are much more certain to go off.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame ;
 With many a bang the public ear it courts ;
 And yet thy arrogance we never blame,
 But take thy merits from thy own reports.
 Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,
 We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,
 Even in thy most bounceable of moments ;
 But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers!—

Thy Rockets raise thee,
And Serpents praise thee,
As none beside are ever praised—by hissing !

Mistress of Hydropyrics,
Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,
Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,
Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts
With midnight sports,
Partaking very much of *flash* and *fancy* !

What thoughts had shaken all
In olden time at thy nocturnal revels,
Each brimstone ball,
They would have deem'd an eyeball of the Devil's !
But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright ;
A modern Hubert to the royal ear,
Might whisper without fear,

To hear the whole description fairly out :—

“ One fixed—which t’other four whirl’d round
about

With wond’rous motion.”

Such are the very sights

Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,
Between the hours of midnight and eleven,
Turning our English to Arabian Nights,
With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching
dragons,

Blue stars and white,

And blood-red light,

And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanter’s waggons.

Thrice lucky woman ! doing things that be

With other folks past benefit of parson ;

For burning, no Burns’ Justice falls on thee,

Altho’ night after night the public see

Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson !

Sure thou wast never born

Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,

Nor lectur’d night and morn

Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,
Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire

To play with fire.

O didst thou never, in those days gone by,
Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—
Instead of waxen doll a little Guy ;
Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,
Up the parental pigtail lay a train,
To let off all his powder ?

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,

Did'st never in plain truth,
Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,
Turning the garden into powder plots ?

Or give the cook, to fright her,
Thy paper sausages well stuffed with nitre ?
Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping
A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,

So that she could not hear

The question he was popping ?

Go on Madame ! Go on—be bright and busy,
While hoax'd Astronomers look up and stare

From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,
To see a Squib in Cassopeia's Chair!
A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!

There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen!
Methinks a good connexion might come from it;
Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,
Set out per Rocket and return per Comet;

Then give him a hot treat
Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,
Lord! how the world would throng to see him eat,
He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up!

One solitary night—true is the story,
Watching those forms that Fancy will create
Within the bright confusion of the grate,
I saw a dazzling countenance of glory!

Oh Dei gratias!
That fiery facias

'Twas thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove ;
And ever since that night,
In dark and bright,
Thy face is *registered* within my stove !

Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays ;
May no untimely *blow* its doom forestal ;
But when old age prepares the friendly pall,
When the last spark of all thy sparks decays,
Then die lamented by good people all,
Like Goldsmith's *Madam Blaise* !



AN INGRATE.

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ASTOR, LENOX
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SOAP-ORIFICS AND SUD-ORIFICS.

A REPORT FROM BELOW!

"Blow high, blow low."—SEA SONG.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.

One night were sitting down to tea,

With toast and muffins hot—

They heard a loud and sudden bounce,

That made the very china flounce,

They could not for a time pronounce

If they were safe or shot—

For Memory brought a deed to match

At Deptford done by night—

Before one eye appear'd a Patch

In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabour'd out of life,

Without some small attempt at strife,

Our nature will not grovel ;
One impulse mov'd both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.
Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent ;
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's rat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant !

Lord how the couple's teeth did chatter,
Master and Mistress both flew at her,
“ Speak ! Fire ? or Murder ? What's the matter ? ”
Till Mary getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death :—

“ We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house, Ma'am, a-stand-
ing at our tubs,

And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I
rubs ;

‘ Mary,’ says she to me, ‘ I say’—and there she stops
for coughin,

‘ That dratted copper flue has took to smokin very often,
But please the pigs,’—for that’s her way of swearing in
a passion,

‘ I’ll blow it up, and not be set a coughin in this
fashion!’

Well down she takes my master’s horn—I mean his horn
for loading,

And empties every grain alive for to set the flue ex-
ploding.

Lawk, Mrs. Round? says I, and stares, that quantum is
unproper,

I’m sartin sure it can’t not take a pound to sky a
copper ;

You’ll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its
puff,

But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of
snuff.

Well, when the pinch is over—‘ Teach your Grand-
mother to suck

A powder horn,' says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon
her hips,

'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your
tongue inside your lips ;

Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like
these ;

I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a
rattle,

I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a
battle !

Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into
cracks.

Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut
shorter,

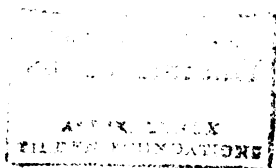
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding
water.

I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a
distance,

As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in
existence ;



"SKYING A COPPER."



All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the
copper slap

Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion
copper cap.

Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up
together,

As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a
feather;

But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
she never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.

Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late
departed mother,

Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she
does in t'other.

So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't
in it;

Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so
shockin;

Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a
stocking—

Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered
skirt,

And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and
black with dirt ;

But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!

Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a
lump,

When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to
jump.

And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,

A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:

Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I
reaches,

And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying
speeches,

For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as
I knew ;

Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact
and true,

But these words is all she whispered—' Why, where is
the powder blew ? ' "

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A SPENT BALL.

A SPENT BALL.

"The flying ball."—GRAY.

A BALL is a round, but not a perpetual round, of pleasure. It spends itself at last, like that from the cannon's mouth ; or rather, like that greatest of balls, "the great globe itself," is "dissolved with all that it inherits."

Four o'clock strikes. The company are all but gone, and the musicians "put up" with their absence. A few "*figures*," however, remain, that have never been danced, and the Hostess, who is all urbanity and turbanity, kindly hopes that they will stand up for "one set more." The six figures jump at the offer ; they "wake the Harp," get the fiddlers into a fresh scrape, and "the Lancers" are put through their exercise. This may be called the Dance of Death, for it ends every thing.

band is disbanded, and the Ball takes the form of a family circle. It is long past the time when churchyards yawn, but the mouth of Mamma opens to a bore, that gives hopes of the Thames Tunnel. Papa, to whom the Ball has been anything but a force-meat one, seizes eagerly upon the first eatables he can catch, and with his mouth open and his eyes shut, declares, in the spirit of an "Examiner" into such things, that a "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few." The son, heartily tired of a suit of broad cloth cut narrow, assents to the proposition, and having no further use for his curled head, lays it quietly on the shelf. The daughter droops; art has had her Almack's, and nature establishes a Free and Easy. Grace throws herself, skow-wow any-how, on an ottoman, and Good Breeding crosses her legs. Roses begin to relax, and Curls to unbend themselves; the very Candles seem released from the restraints of gentility, and getting low, some begin to smoke, while others indulge in a gutter. Muscles and sinews feel equally let loose, and by way

of a joke, the cramp ties a double knot in Clarinda's calf.

Clarinda screams. To this appeal the maternal heart is more awake than the maternal eyes, and the maternal hand begins hastily to bestow its friction, not on the leg of suffering, but on the leg of the sofa. In the mean time, paternal hunger gets satisfied; he eats slower, and sleeps faster, subsiding, like a gorged Boa Constrictor, into torpidity; and in this state, grasping an extinguished candle, he lights himself up to bed. Clarinda follows, stumbling through her steps in a doze à doze; the brother is next, and Mamma having seen with half an eye, or something less, that all is safe, winds up the procession.

Every Ball, however, has its rebound, and so has this in their dreams:—with the mother, who has a daughter, as a Golden Ball; with the daughter, who has a lover, as an eye-ball; with the son, who has a rival, as a pistol-ball; but with the father, who has no dreams at all, as nothing but the blacking-ball of oblivion.

ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.

"The rain it raineth every day."

THE Dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
 On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps
 Like rows of small illumination lamps,
 To celebrate the Jubilee of Show'rs!
 A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
 The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,
 And from the Houses' eaves
 Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
 Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
 With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
 Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like
 steamers,

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PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen,
Like an Umbrella *ripen'd*.

Over the way a waggon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!
The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;
Aye, there they go, a dozen of outsides,
Performing on "a Stage with real water!"
A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,
The only real willing out-of-doorer,
And says, or seems to say,
"Well, I am poor enough—but here's a *pourer*!"

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint!
Mother of all the Family of Rainers!

Saint of the Soakers !

Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers!
And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather?
I wish you'd *clear it up!*

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes,
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unask'd, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the Nymphs from the selected spot,
To cling like lady-birds around a tree—
Why spoil a Gypsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey-Wood by invitation, sipping
Their green with Pan,

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COURT DAY.

But souse you come, and show their Pan all
dripping!

Why upon snow-white table-cloths and sheets,
That do not wait, or want a second washing,
Come squashing?

Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,
As if there were no Water-Cart contractors,
No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy,
Spoonng out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,
Yet oh! how little flattered by report!

Even by those that seek the Court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.
Folks rail and swear at you in every place;
They say you are a creature of no bowel;
They say you're always washing Nature's face,
And that you then supply her,

With nothing drier,
Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel!
The whole town wants you duck'd, just as you
duck it,

They wish you on your own mud porridge supper'd,
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
Or in your water-butt go souse! heels up'ard!
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
They'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—
Be warn'd! You are too partial to a mizzle—
Pray drop it!



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